ABE MARTIN

Hoss Sense and Nonsense

KIN HUBBARD

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of Brown County, Indiana

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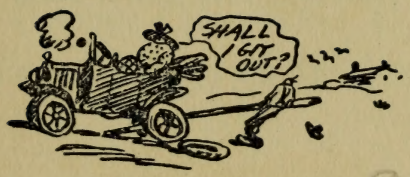
By

KIN HUBBARD



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To

MY WIFE

Who Doesn't Care What I Write
Just so I Keep on Writing

Compiled from the columns of *The Indianapolis News,* and revised by the author.

FOREWORD

KIN HUBBARD is my favorite humorist because he puts a whole novel into a sentence. When he's through, he quits,—a great distinction in a verbose nation. And he has those indispensable qualities in a humorist: his stuff is malicious, critical, scornful, bunk-hating and tolerant. And yet when his obituaries are printed, they probably will say that he was always good-natured. I think there is more healthy hate in Kin's paragraphs than in anything written these days.

I feel warm and kindly toward Kin Hubbard now especially. For a long time his pieces appeared in *The*

Morning Telegraph, a ten-cent newspaper devoted to racing and other sports I take no joy in. So Kin used to cost me thirty-six dollars and fifty cents a year, which is more than most of us spend on any one author. It was worth it, and I never whimpered; but when *The New York World* began to take the Abe Martin things I was happy, as that is only a three-cent newspaper that I have to buy anyway on my wife's account, as it prints my own stuff, too.

But what I meant to say was that I hope this book will sell enormously.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JOE KITE ..... Ford Specialist

LAFE BUD .....
.. Traveling Representative Red Seal Beer Makings

IKE LARK ..... Bootlegger

BURLEY SAP ..... Chemist

LEMMIE PETERS .....
Whose graduation essay, *We've Left th' Bay and the Ocean Lies before Us,* electrified th' community in 1913, saxophone.

NEWT PLUM .....
..... Town Constable and Federal Rum Sleuth

UNCLE EZ PASH ..... Lifelong Democrat

ART SMALL ..... Elite Drug and Sandwich Shop

STEW NUGENT ..... Daring Bandit

TELL BINKLEY .....
....Florida country club sites and stick-up insurance

GABE CRAW .....
Proprietor New Palace Hotel and manager of Melodeon Hall.

UNCLE MILES TURNER (103) .....
The first white child born west of St. Paris, Ohio.

MRS. LAFE BUD .....
Late o' the optometrist counter of the Monarch 5 and 10.

MISS MAME MOON .....
Ex-proprietor of O. K. livery barn and pioneer in the movement for the emancipation of women.

MISS TAWNEY APPLE .....
..... Ticket seller Fairy Grotto Picture Palace

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Miss Mary Pinkham ..... Fifteen

Miss Fawn Lemmont .....

Elocutionist, writer and authority on affairs o' th' heart.

Doctor Moses .....

Ear, eye, nose, throat and president of Hazel Nut Country Club. Office hours, Monday forenoons.

Honorable Ex-Editor Cole Fleming .....

One of the founders of *The Weekly Sky Hoss* and author of *Daly's Animale vroord Tyrm.*

Ex-Farmer Jake Bentley ..... Agriculturist

Ann Maxim .....

"A kind of a comical mixture of hoss-sense an' no sense at all."

Law Violators, Day Officers, Reporters, etc.

ABE MARTIN

HOSS SENSE AND NONSENSE

Money never made a fool o' anybuddy; it only shows 'em up.

Th' worst trials o' life are out o' court.

Th' hardest thing is comin' out of a circus at night an' findin' th' right Ford.

Mrs. Lafe Bud has been a charmin' hostess fer nearly three years, but she still holds a cigarette like it might go off.

We never see th' poor-house till we git right on t' it.

In speakin' from manuscript allus toss th' pages aside when read so th' audience kin git some idee o' how much longer it'll have t' be bored.

A funeral wuz haled before 'Squire Marsh Swallows' court an' fined eight dollars an' costs fer speedin'.

We used t' call a feller a durned crank that devoted all his time an' attention t' one thing, but t'-day he's a specialist.

Some one says our pioneer women didn' have no cigarette stains on ther fingers or chapped knees. No, but they had goat's elbows, an' knuckles as big as walnuts.

Sam Angel died yisterday, an' like all good fellers he owed ever'-buddy.

Of course ther's considerable difference between day an' night, but I believe ther's fer less similarity between a probe an' an investigation.

So live that you won't be afraid t' run fer mayor.

Th' ravages o' time are gittin' in ther work when your wife says your new hat makes you look younger.

When some folks don't know nothin' mean about some one they switch th' subject.

"I wuz purty badly scared till I knocked on her door," said Ike Lark, who overslept one mornin' an' did not hear his daughter come home.

Keep th' arms an' hands free t' raise instantly. Some folks would rather git murdered than drop a mackerel or a sack o' cornmeal.

Ther's allus plenty o' harmony where nobuddy's got a chance.

A woman would rather marry a poor provider any time than a poor listener.

I don't see how some folks git by unless they profit by ther mistakes.

Remember how we used t' jump behind somethin' when a feller reached fer his hip pocket?

Between those who hate 'em an' those who toady after 'em, th' rich are t' be pitied.

Th' ole-time traveler that used t' ask "Where's th' bar?" now asks fer th' bell captain.

A real gentleman is at a big disadvantage these days.

Club work is th' only kind some women ever tackle.

I hain't met one yit, but they say that one oil-burner salesman does th' work o' fifteen or twenty coal-furnace liars.

Mrs. Laurel Kite, whose husband has been sentenced fer life, is livin' with her sister-in-law till he's pardoned, when all three expect t' spend th' winter in Floridy.

Th' biggest disappointment is meetin' some one we've heard so much about.

A best-seller is as short lived as a pop'lar song, but *Robinson Crusoe* an' *Annie Laurie* go on ferever.

Lack o' pep is often mistaken fer patience.

Ther's no frats in th' school o' experience.

A sensible girl hain't got no more chance these days than an escapin' Arkansas prisoner.

Nothin' looks as ornery as a young mother lookin' longin'ly at a window full o' cocktail shakers an' a couple o' impatient little tots tryin' t' pull her away.

Th' Marigold Beauty Parlor wuz padlocked last night 'cause th' hair brush wuzn' boiled in sody ever' mornin'.

It seems like th' more ignorant folks are th' more opinionated they are.

A boy never begins t' appreciate his dad till his mother tries t' make him a shirt.

Ther' must have been somethin' about th' early days, somethin' peculiar about th' time an' conditions, that produced sterlin' characters, fer th' industry seems t' have played out.

I may be slippin', but I can't git a thrill out of a bare knee cap t' save my life.

Callin' an audience large an' intelligent when ther' hain't enough intelligent people t' fill an' ambulance, is as played out as hand-shakin'.

Th' more-daylight movement, like ever'thing else, hits mother th' hardest.

"I really wouldn' be afraid t' leave my saxophone on th' porch over night," remarked Joe Kite, in tellin' how Bloom Center had escaped th' crime wave.

Nobuddy ever listened t' reason on a' empty stomach.

"I do wish Lewis Stone would marry some nice, sensible woman near his own age, fer I believe he'd make a good husband," says Mrs. Tilford Moots, our leadin' movie fan.

So fer no economic specialist has had th' nerve t' suggest some use fer rejected suitors an' used carrots.

Mother, Dear Mother, Come Home with Me Now, is a new song hit at th' Fairy Grotto Picture Palace.

Lon Moon wuz paroled from prison yisterday so he could go home an' spade up some money fer his mother, who's in dire circumstances.

An occasional toupee parted on th' side would help some.

Talk about 'em gittin' bold, Tell Binkley had t' pay fifty cents fer an order o' braised oxtail joints within a block o' th' jail.

Another thing I've noticed since booze is no longer sold openly—charmin' hostesses are now referred to as good fellers.

Do your spoonin' in th' parlor an' keep away from th' wide-open spaces.

Mrs. Em Moots wuz taken dangerously ill lately an' a doctor wuz finally rounded up who promised t' call within a few days.

Th' longer a feller loafs th' harder it is fer him t' testify where he wuz th' night before.

We've never yit heard anybuddy complain 'cause they didn' have any sense.

If she's allus smilin', an' has a scar on her neck like she'd been caught in a barbed-wire fence, she's had her face lifted.

Lots o' fellers git credit fer bein' self-made when they merely used ther wives' judgment.

Ther's a heap o' difference in people, no matter how they're raised. Take th' Lippincutt twins, Al an' Alf; Al wuz apprenticed t' a huckster at twelve, wuz admitted t' th' bar at twenty-one, an' wuz prominently mentioned fer assessor at twenty-three, while Alf stayed in school till he wuz ole enough t' go t' prison.

Miss Pet Plum starved t' death yisterday while alterin' her beaded party dress.

Druggist Artie Small had three calls fer Tacna-Arica this mornin'.

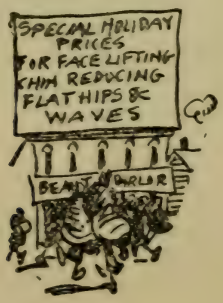
Mrs. Lafe Bud worries so much ever' night about her maid not showin' up th' next mornin' that her doctor has advised her t' do her own work till she gits t' feelin' stronger.

"One can't be too blamed careful," says Tell Binkley, who drives jest fast enough t' spit good.

Dal Licklider, prominent Herrin, Illinoy, pallbearer, is visitin' his aged mother south o' th' sawmill.

Poet Lester Moots' wife horsewhipped a feller t'day fer accusin' her o' writin' her husband's stuff.

"I'm allus glad when my husbands git killed by autos, fer then I hain't accused o' poisonin' 'em," said Mrs. Em Painter, as she left th' cemetery.



Dinner suits have been known t' outlive a whale. One recently turned up at a house party at Orlando, Florida, that wuz made in LaRue, Ohio, in 1840.

Why do "soft" drink parlors open at 6 A. M. when th' whole world knows nobuddy wants a "soft" drink much before nine-thirty?

It's no disgrace t' be poor, but it might as well be.

Th' thing that gits me is why a feller can't be a model husband without being pigeontoed.

"I jest couldn' git fitted," complained Mrs. Ike Lark, who went t' town fer a pair o' furnace gloves.

Mrs. Em Moon got a letter t'day from her daughter who's in high school, but she can't make it out.

It's gittin' so a feller don't care whether ther's a cup in th' back or not if a suit fits his flask.

If a couple walks along like th' woman wuz arrested they're married.

Art Smiley has sold his bowlin' alleys as he couldn' stand nickel cigar smoke.

Little Lester Pine got his auto age an' railroad age mixed up t'day an' had t' pay full fare.

Doctor Hrdlicka's name sounds like he'd prescribe lots o' garglin'.

Marriages are made in Heaven, an' very few o' them ever git back t' th' factory.

"I feel ashamed that our country hain't done more t' perpetuate th' memory o' John Howard Payne," says Ike Soles, who finally got home from Floridy this week.

Wouldn' it be awful if spinach hain't really healthful after all th' trouble it takes t' git th' sand out of it?

Bein' optimistic after you've got ever'thing you want don't count.

Nat Pusey died this mornin' leavin' a daughter somewhere an' a boy nearin' bandit age.

Miss Myrt Plum, who recently lost her position at th' Monarch 5 and 10, suicided this mornin', leavin' a brief note sayin', "Better death than cotton stockin's."

"Put your hands down! Do you think I want folks passin' along t' see me robbin' you?" said a bandit t' Tilford Moots, t'day.

Mrs. Em Moots has discarded black an' is lookin' fer a second husband, offerin' t' remodel t' suit right party.

Ther's nothin' square about a three dollar an' fifty-cent meal but th' domino sugar.

Ther's a new Christmus Scotch goin' th' rounds that smells like a pair o' gloves jest back from th' cleaners.

Regardless o' short skirts, cigarettes, gin, an' th' Charleston, modesty still holds th' plume as a beau catcher.

When Judge Pusey asked Lon Moon, who murdered his wife, if he had anything t' say before bein' acquitted, he replied, "I never would have shot her if I'd knowed I'd have t' go thru so much red tape."

Prob'ly spinach is very healthful, but lettin' it be known you eat it seems t' pull you down.

You've got t' be mighty indispensable, or mighty ornery, t' be missed these days.

Mrs. Tilford Moots' brother died last night leavin' all his money an' watch t' a stick-up man.

We kin tell that a good name is better'n riches by those who prefer th' riches.

"I never thought I'd live t' see funerals spin," remarked Uncle Niles Turner.

Th' day's gone by when farmers an' hay fever victims'll bite on anything.

Floridy is all right if you kin keep from catchin' a sail fish an' goin' t' all th' expense o' having it mounted.

Th' Sesqui-Centennial at Philadelphy wuz late gittin' ready an' th' Pickreltown, Ohio, *Picket* very fittin'ly remarked, "That's Philadelphy fer you."

It's jest about got so th' only safe way t' reach th' other side o' th' street is t' cross with a cow.

One thing is absolutely a cinch—ther'll never be any legislation t' make Christmus come more'n once a year.

As long as th' courts kin hardly ever prove what ever'buddy knows we needn' expect too much o' them.

Th' trouble with goin' t' Floridy is that we run int' so many people we thought we'd escaped.

Th' reason some men are never seen with their wives is 'cause they can't locate 'em.

Stew Nugent, bandit, who got so many dandy newspaper write-ups about his last jewelry store robbery, has decided t' stay in th' business.

It's gittin' so a straw vote brings out more voters than a reg'lar election.

A hick town is one where even a hair-cut changes th' whole appearance o' th' community.

Coffee grounds carried in th' pocket'll keep money from rustin'.

A feller kin be a gentleman anywhere, even in a Ford coupe.

Tell Binkley says he tried fer five whole days t' buy a pair o' furnace gloves in Miammy.

Th' Buds have moved int' ther new home—kitchenette, dinette, inner-door bed, an' closed car.

It haint even safe t' say it with flowers, as seven dried-up bouquets saved th' day fer Mrs. Lib Pash in her late alienation suit.

"Don't give that ole suit away, I kin wear it Sundays," said Lafe Bud, t' his wife.

Mrs. Lafe Bud's brother-in-law, o' Illinoy, is visitin' her. He's quite prominent, bein' first t' go blind under Volstead.

Mothers used t' sit up till ther daughters got in, but now they have t' sit up till they start out.

Ike Lark started fer Miammy this mornin' t' buy an auto.

If you want t' be wafted back t' th' stirrin' days o' 1914-18 jest bite int' a nickel cigar.

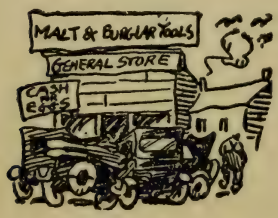
It's now regarded as bad form t' discuss homes or children in polite society.

Men git by fer years with th' same ole shiny dinner suit, but women have t' wear "somethin' different" ever' time they accept an invitation.

You can't yell fer help these times without bein' accused o' seekin' publicity.

Stew Nugent, twenty-five, an' a burglar, is visitin' his mother an' complains bitterly o' younger blood monopolizin' th' business.

Th' net incomes o' railroads in 1925 wuz th' greatest in all history, owin' perhaps t' th' thousands goin' by train t' th' factory t' drive home new cars.



Sheriff Meadows invited a committee o' irreproachable citizens over t' th' jail last night t' watch him destroy last week's catch o' Scotch, but after a brief conference it wuz decided t' split it up.

"Recent statistics show that barely seven per cent. o' people wearin' large, fierce lookin' shell rimmed glasses are really indispensable," says Doctor Mopps.

Ainsley Putman suicided at his home last night. He'd et a hearty supper an' had jest finished lookin' at some photographer's proofs of himself.

Th' latest fad among th' girls is wearin' watches above ther knees, which is all right if they take 'em off when they git new crystals.

We'll say this fer th' boy bandit—he'll have plenty o' time t' live down his past.

Benton Kite, who raced with a passenger train yisterday, wuz jest gittin' ahead when he went all t' pieces.

My idee of a steady job is workin' in a divorce mill.

It takes a feller fully three minutes t' recover sufficiently t' say "Geebutthat'sgoodliquorwheredyougetit?" But still they drink it.

Ole Abe Hanger has failed at ever'thin', includin' suicide.

As long as our statesmen are allus afraid o' hurtin' business, we might as well give up.

Th' feller that's prominent in a little town had better stay there.

We're gittin' too much service fer our money an' not enough o' what we buy these days.

Th' latest publicity seeker t' attack th' Bible is Squire Marsh Swallow. He says that if ther wuz such a thing as a life beyond, th' author o' *East Lynne* would return an' murder those who got up th' screen version.

Th' time t' clear your throat is before you go in a dinin'-room.

"Meet my son, I raised him myself," I heard a proud ole-fashioned mother say.

Of all th' contributors t' th' magazines I believe I'm gittin' t' like th' ad writers th' best.

Stew Nugent returned t' prison t'day after a pleasant parole.

Ther's amateur actors, an' amateur guitar players, but a amateur sign painter hain't even a' amateur.

All th' laws an' safety devices in th' world won't stop a nut, so git your affairs in shape an' keep 'em that way.

Colonel House seems t' have been considerable of a feller even before rubber heels.

Our idee of a long chance is takin' a girl at her face value.

I'll bet th' great bulk of our population is fer more concerned about th' mackerel pack than th' Locarno pact.

Lafe Bud wuz stuck up last night an' robbed of a bran' new revolver he'd only carried once.

I wish th' gover'ment would take th' salary it pays Roy Haynes an' put more mucilage on postage stamps.

Folks used t' develop int' criminals, but t'day they begin right off th' bat.

Next to a flat tire, th' worst thing is a tooth paste tube blow-out.

In these hectic days when all of us take chances, th' only absolutely safe thing I know of would be challengin' President Coolidge t' a debate.

Mrs. Em Moots has a niece that's almost thirty-one years ole an' she's never been t' Floridy t' work fer a real-estate firm.

A celluloid collar should not be polished when it's warm.

Wher wuz all th' money when we drove a horse an' buggy?

Wouldn' th' way things are goin' these days make a fine argyment in favor of woman suffrage if we didn' already have it?

Jake Bentley hit a cuspidor at ten paces Christmus Eve, an' wuz awarded th' handsome mahogany huskin' peg offered by th' Moots general store.

Our idee o' wastin' shoe leather is chasin' a runaway wife.

I like th' ad that shows a beautiful young wife huggin' a husband that's jest bought her a clothes wringer, fer women as a rule are so ungrateful.

Boys'll be boys, an' so'll a lot o' middle-aged men.

"Be kind t' th' hen egg. When sickness enters th' home an' th' patient comes thru th' crisis twenty pounds lighter than a straw hat, an' is propped up with pillows in th' bay window t' watch th' speedin', an' loved ones try t' tempt him with round steak, an' pickles an' near beer, he wearily waves 'em away. But with his first returnin' strength he squirms an' turns his lusterless eyes toward th' kitchen an' says, in a voice weak an' scarcely audible, 'Maw, I believe I could worry down an egg,' " says Honorable Ex-Editer Cale Fluhart.

More people now start t' drink on New Year's than used t' swear off.

If justice wuz waitin' fer "time t' turn on th' white light o' truth" it couldn' be any slower.

We don't believe th' public cares what becomes o' bootleggers an' traffic violators if th' police'll jest stop th' bandits.

"Oh, yes, we used t' have lots o' calls fer mistletoe, but th' pocket flask has put it out o' business," remarked Benton Pusey, o' Th' Emporium.

Next t' a Chicago hangman Roy Haynes has got th' softest snap I know of.

I'll say this fer reformers—they're mighty patient.

Don't swallow dinner rings or Masonic jewelry. They're usually jagged an' cause complications.

It's finally got around t' where it's twice as hard t' git in jail as it is t' git out.

Women never git th' benefit o' th' doubt. If they don't look good they might as well be bad.

Abner Pusey has resigned at th' fillin' station an' gone t' th' poor-farm. "He's a-gittin' so fergitful o' late that I wuz afraid he wouldn' think t' put his hands up," explained his well-t'-do brother.

If a motorist could see a pedestrian as easy as he kin see a horseshoe full o' nails, it would put a crimp in undertakers.

One don't have t' loaf around Miammy Beach very long t' appreciate what an awful time Flo Ziegfeld must have in findin' material t' glorify.

Marriage used t' spoil careers, but t'day no career is complete without three or four o' them.

All th' average American wants is a warnin' t' make him take a chance.

I'll bet you could have heard a marshmallow drop at that conference between Colonel House an' President Coolidge.

Miss Tawney Apple is havin' her voile skirt evened up fer th' Bentley murder trial.

I'll bet a king hates t' have a crisis come along, fer his job is lonesome enough when things are breakin' fine.

No one kin feel as helpless as th' owner of a sick goldfish.

Cat-Eye Annie, escaped crook, got wet an' surrendered. They'll all give up if they hain't dressed right.

A widder with a little flock allus seems t' be afraid t' take another chance, but a widower with a house full o' kids is usually back in th' harness before th' hearse cools off.

Some folks have been known t' crawl a block an' a half after talkin' back t' a stickup bandit.

Who remembers when a feller could hardly wait till he wuz ole enough t' vote?

Ever'where, some place, some one's workin' on this or that t' improve somethin' or other, an' Lester Moon has nearly got a collar worked out that'll fit a home-made shirt.

Ever' once in a while I meet somebuddy in some honorable walk in life that wuz once admitted t' th' bar.

A new roller towel is makin' a test run at th' New Palace Hotel.

Th' party what asks if th' empty seat next t' us is occupied still gits about.

Friends don't git you nothin'. Look at th' farmer.

Thanksgivin's gone, an' now th' feller that "prefers chicken t' turkey any day" kin brush up his preference fer an open car.

Th' acquittal o' Ike Lark, bootlegger, has thrown a wet blanket o'er th' entire community.

I've been t' lots o' state fairs, but I believe Jake Bentley's oldest daughter is th' ugliest human bein' I've ever seen.

Lon Moon didn' eat breakfast at th' White House while he wuz in Washin'ton as he didn' want t' git "linked up" with th' President.

What's become o' th' ole-time statesmen that used t' lead th' people instead o' follerin' 'em?

Th' Prince o' Wales has had his name in th' papers off an' on ever since he wuz ole enough t' ride.

These women who're still fightin' fer equal rights must want t' git in th' hod carriers' union, or have Adam's apples.

Th' first robin is usually th' sign o' good sleighin'.

Th' feller who gits ahead of his story wouldn' be so bad if he stayed there.

Knicker trousers'll go twenty-one years without pressin'.

French cabinets are dandy things fer fellers that only want t' work long enough t' git a suit of clothes.

Puttin' a lot o' stickers on a gift won't save you if you're a cheap skate.

I think only two people governin' a great big state like Texas is goin' some.

Allus remember you won't need any money or jewelry where you're goin' if you fail t' put your hands up.

I think some folks are foolish t' pay what it costs t' live.

When you see one o' them interpretive dancers you see nearly all o' them.

Th' trouble is most parents don't worry about a daughter till she fails t' show up fer breakfast, an' then it's too late.

Some o' these days somebuddy's goin' t' git in such a mess he won't be able t' find a criminal lawyer famous enough t' git him out.

Some folks seem t' have descended from th' chimpanzee much later'n others.

It's a sign o' meager circumstances t' wear your dancin' pumps all th' time.

If you want t' fall down, try t' say somethin' cute an' funny on a picture postal card.

Twelve dollars a quart hain't so much fer real "pre-war stuff." Lafe Bud recently threw a very lively house party on a quart, an' had enough left t' clean a white Fedory hat.

If a feller's goin' t' succeed he's goin' t' succeed, environment or no environment. Take Elsworth Pine, whose parents wuz divorced. I reckon no livin' man knows more about a Ford.

Nobuddy ever grew despondent lookin' fer trouble.

Ther's few things as prosy as bein' out o' debt.

Next t' pickin' up a safety razor blade with a boxin' glove on, th' hardest thing is an easy payment.

Th' word "slob" sounds jest exactly like one looks.

Even if ther is a United States o' Europe th' countries kin still hate one another like Californy an' Floridy.

I've recently seen a picture o' Sinclair Lewis with his right cheek reclinin' in his hand; however, he has made considerable money writin'.

I wonder if Senator Borah agrees with spinach.

Burley Sap wants t' sell his family car as his family has left him.

Haint it great t' have some one speak at a banquet that needs no introduction?

Speakin' o' looks, Ben Franklin an' Will Penn, both great men, never went near a beauty parlor. Each weighed nearly three hundred an' fifty pounds, an' never even sent ther vests t' th' cleaners, yit they got by.

Who remembers when we could git a common school education?

Th' trouble with th' Dayton plan o' reachin' affluence is that you don't git rich quick enough t' git away.

Cuttin' in is purty dangerous in down-town traffic, but jest wait till you git on th' road t' success.

"I kin remember when a candidate had t' dress like a tramp t' git any votes," says Uncle Niles Turner.

If we'd jest hang a murderer in effigy now an' then it might help.

There's a fine openin' here fer a doctor that don't care fer athletics.

Prohibition seems t' have made us all closer t' th' home, more hospitable, somehow, I hardly know how t' express it, but anyhow, anyway it seems t' me that prohibition has come purty close t' makin' th' whole United States kin.

Keepin' a roof o'er our heads used t' be considerable of a problem, but th' colossal undertakin' t'day is tryin' t' hold a home t'gether.

One o' th' needs o' th' hour is some Scotch that won't eat through th' bottom of a paper cup.

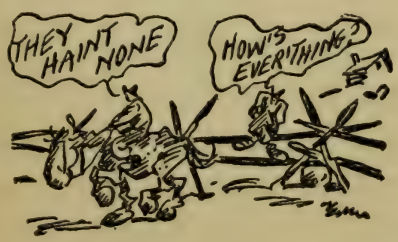
Prohibition has come nearer dignifyin' drunkenness than all th' high license laws an' strict police surveillance in th' last fifty years.

Ther's more worryin' t'day o'er gittin' gray than ther is over all th' wayward children an' business depressions put t'gether.

Some folks jest seem t' ask a question t' answer it 'emselves.

It's wonderful how some criminals git acquitted considerin' they hain't got a couple o' good farms.

My idee of a sorry spectacle is a fine-lookin', substantial girl hangin' on th' arm of a dub.



I don't want t' appear snoopy, but I kin tell when th' patent has expired on a pair o' yeller stockin's.

Some folks are born in society, an' some are taken in, but th' big majority pay t' git in.

"Th' blamed thing'll ten-cent him t' death," said Lafe Bud, when he heard Ike Lark had bought a light car o' pop'lar make.

It may be all right fer a plasterer t' change his clothes on his employer's time, but wearin' a fifteen-button sweater vest is rubbin' it in.

Folks who could have made a million dollars in Floridy if they'd only known it seem t' feel jest as good over it as if they had.

Th' Prince o' Wales hain't on th' water wagon or we'd hear about it now an' then.

Nothin' makes a feller round-shouldered quicker'n gittin' out of his class an' tryin' t' hold up his end.

My idee o' wastin' money is hirin' somebuddy t' clerk behind a petticoat counter while you go t' dinner.

'Squire Marsh Swallow says that two-thirds o' th' couples who git a divorce still love one another, but hain't got th' price t' put it over.

You kin git a purty fair line on new acquaintances by th' people they ask about.

Art Small's baby is cuttin' his teeth on a Ford steerin' wheel.

Th' only way t' entertain some folks is t' listen t' 'em.

Th' hardest thing is t' disguise your feelin's when you put a lot o' relatives on th' train fer home.

Ther's one thing we ought t' let folks find out fer 'emselves, an' that's how great we are.

Remember when ther' used t' be fifty-eight kinds o' plug t'backer an' one kind o' gasoline?

Even if a handshaker is glad t' see me, even if he don't want somethin', I'm allus afraid he does.

Th' Christmus hain't over a year or two off when 'most anything fer him'll do fer her.

"Oh, I used t' waltz an' wax my mustache, an' vote, but I cut out all that nonsense years ago," says Tell Binkley.

By th' time th' average convention delegate has found a hotel t' fit his pocketbook, somebuddy's stolen his pocketbook.

Rockefeller would make a good Arctic explorer. He kin go ten days on one sody cracker.

Who remembers th' ole days before shepherd plaid clothes an' toupees when we only lived once?

Chemists only seem t' stimulate th' demand fer prune juice an' ether.

Say what you please about President Coolidge, but he talks nearly twice as much as King George.

So live that it don't make no difference what color your roadster is.

Ther's no way t' recondition a welcome when it's worn out.

Artie Small has quit goin' with th' girls till he kin save enough t' marry one.

Ther's few things as uncommon as common sense.

Joan o' Arc! What would our women say t'day about her neck an' hips, an' what dressmaker would tackle her? Joan looked like William Muldoon, but her fame'll endure t' th' end o' time.

Th' Volstead law seems t' have removed a certain diffidence an' aloofness at social gatherin's that used t' be almost unbearable.

It takes an intelligent man t' talk silly around women.

Next t' crossin' th' Gobi Desert t' th' Sacred City o' Urga, th' most perilous undertakin' in th' world is walkin' from Terry Hut, Indianny, t' Clinton, Indianny, after nightfall.

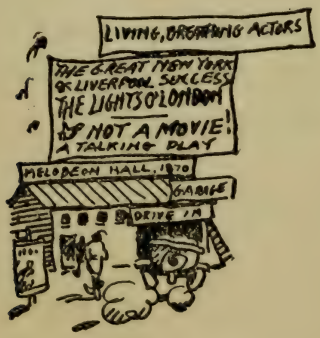
A bandit stumbled an' fell an' wuz captured in Fiptown, Ohio, that had never been paroled.

So many folks are like Floridy apartment-houses—they look great outside.

Ever' day ushers in some new sort o' grafter.

"It takes more propagandy t' fill a the-ater fer grand opery than it does t' git a nation in th' mood fer war," says Manager Gabe Craw.

"I like t' see that I'm gittin' somewhere," says Arch Pusey, who resigned as dry officer an' went back t' house paintin'



Who remembers when you couldn' git your wife t' sit in a barber shop while you got shaved Saturday night?

It takes more'n a beaded party dress an' a cocktail shaker t' make a charmin' hostess.

It gits cool enough fer a derby hat up t' within four an' a half miles o' th' Gulf Stream.

Women are so tactful that you can't see 'em repent when they marry in haste.

Th' Bear Wallow Supper Club has hit on a dandy scheme. Its members drop some on ther thumb nails an' if it don't eat through they drink it.

Two kin be more miserable than one.

A feller'll mortgage his home t' have his appendix yanked out, an' quibble with a bandit an' git shot tryin' t' save seven or eight dollars.

Joinin' th' League o' Nations t' insure peace, an' goin' in th' World Court t' promote business, are two entirely different matters.

Th' world hain't gittin' no worse. We've only got better facilities.

What th' country needs is a good, tough two-dollar bill that'll last as long as it takes t' save one.

Occasionally a good housekeeper dies a natural death, but most o' them fall off stepladders.

I recall when good, steady fellers wuz grabbed up like hot cakes by th' girls, but t'day they're called hunks.

If th' Countess o' Cathcart had slipped across from Nassau with a load o' Scotch, she might be cavortin' in th' sand at Miammy Beach, t'day, an' no questions asked.

T' mix with th' gaiety o' Floridy you'd think th' Ten Commandments wuz checked at Albany, Georgia.

I've allus known that a saxophone player'll defend its young, but I wuz considerably surprised when I read where one jumped from behind his instrument an' killed a Floridy landlord.

Lionel Kite won two lap prizes at a pettin' party last evenin'.

"I'll promise not to look at th' show," said an ole man as he asked t' go in Melodeon Hall an' set down.

Folks that are easy t' please must accumulate a lot o' junk these days.

Th' nauseatin' New York bathtub episode bears out Bootlegger Ike Lark's ole contention that th' feller who drinks don't care what's in it.

It's th' common fate o' all successful people t' git knocked an' criticized, but it remained fer Jack Dempsey t' show 'em up when it comes t' takin' it gracefully.

Ther's lots o' careers, but I expect th' career of a lady killer pays th' poorest dividends of all.

Little people, like little cars, don't seem to be able to git anywhere without tellin' th' world.

Ther's nothin' as certain as death an' higher taxes.

I don't know what ther is about a cigarette, but people seem t' be able t' sit clean thru a play or a funeral without lightin' a pipe or cigar.

Colonel House is said t' make a specialty of avoidin' tiresome people, an' I wish some newspaper syndicate would make him tell how he does it.

Any World War soldier could have told Colonel Mitchell his fame would dwindle after he took off his uniform.

When a feller used t' want t' be regarded as a real sport he'd hire a horse an' buggy, but t'-day seventy-five dollars a case fer dolled-up Scotch hain't nothin'.

As between th' feller that gits back at me an' th' feller that closes up like a clam I'll take th' former.

Childhood is growin' so short that about fifty cents' worth o' toys'll put a child over.

I thought it wuz funny if Mrs. Jack Dempsey would marry a prize-fighter.

Theater shows are gittin' so raw that folks don't know whether t' laugh or leave th' theater.

Speakin' o' th' north pole, it's too bad intrepid aviators can't fly lower so they could discover a lot o' other things.

Miss Mame Moon wants t' know if Smedley Butler is liable t' show up at any party, or whether he has t' be invited?

Th' workin' man that used t' park his dinner bucket under a beer table, now parks an automobile—but ever'-thing's changin' fer that matter.

"Never put a pineapple in a silk stockin' as they cause runners," says Miss Fawn Lippincut, in th' "Christmus Hints" department of th' *Weekly Slip Horn.*

Th' feller that used t' lean over a sticky bar all afternoon an' tell ever'-thing he knew, now carries a handsome silver flask an' talks t' himself.

If Senator Hi Johnson don't show some sign o' life purty soon he's liable t' git his picture on a nineteen-cent stamp.

Why are educated nonentities an' white ants?

Never offer a bandit a check.

Th' thing I like about general practitioners is that you don't have t' let 'em know a week ahead when you're goin' t' be sick.

"Th' hardest thing, next t' gittin' Jack Dempsey t' live in the Balkans, is reducin' your hips without jimmin' your face," says Miss Tawney Apple.

My idee o' walkin' int' th' jaws o' death is marryin' some woman who's lost three husbands.

Some fellers have a way o' loafin' that makes 'em look indispensable.

Premier Baldwin got lots o' compliments fer stoppin' th' general strike, but wait till he tries t' stop exactly where his wife wants out.

All th' opinions are formed these days six months before a jury gits seated.

Girls used t' be naturally shrinkin' without dietin'.

Th' government should have put Ex-President Wilson's picture on a fifty-dollar bill instead of a seventeen-cent stamp an' then practically nobuddy would see it.

Think twice before you speak, or better still, jest keep on thinkin'.

Th' only known method that'll come anywhere near holdin' a husband's love is keepin' him stuffed with food, but ther don't seem t' be any way t' hold a wife's love.

A snapshop of th' modern female looks like an icicle.

It's gittin' so it don't make so much difference how we conduct ourselves in society if we've got good road manners.

Fords don't shed ther fenders till they're two years ole.

If wages an' salaries wuz based on what we earn, instead o' on what it costs t' live, we'd see some real strikes.

You don't have t' be a snob any more t' be stuck up.

Of all th' substitutes, a substitute speaker is th' worst.

Home-grown children'll soon be as scarce as buggy whips.

Nobuddy ever beat a stick-up man hands down.

Maybe Jack Dempsey has joined th' League o' Nations.

You're not as young as you used t' be when you choke up at *Silver Threads*.

Bandits busted int' th' Little Gem Cafe last night, takin' a dollar an' thirty-five cents in change, but in ther rush t' git away they overlooked two Idaho p'taters.

Intelligent people are allus on th' unpop'lar side o' anything.

We'll say this fer th' Chicago police—when some citizen gits murdered they don't lose no time roundin' up two or three hundred fellers that might have done it.

It seems t' be impossible t' be good without paradin' it.

Ever'buddy's crazy about travelin' these days, but you've got t' travel on a pass t' git th' real thrill out o' travelin'.

Confusin' notoriety with publicity is becomin' mighty common.

Sunday used t' be a day o' rest, but it's gittin' t' be a day o' rest from then on.

Next t' an assistant, nothin's as overworked as hand-shakin'.

Since it takes all kinds o' people t' make a world, let's quit knockin'.

Next t' a fourteen-year-ole boy, ther's few things as worthless as th' average suggestion.

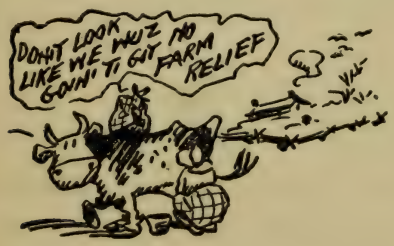
It takes a bitter cold, ugly day t' bring out th' folks that are really able t' go t' Floridy.

Hain't it fine, with the Roumanian throne crumblin', t' be runnin' along breakin' even?

Farmin' is good exercise, an' when that's said, all's said.

Sometimes folks are so sure they're right they never git ahead.

Movie lovers allus kiss like ther tongues wuz stuck in a beer bottle.



I'd like t' know how you go about it t' associate any romance or sentiment with th' average knee?

My idee o' bein' out o' luck is needin' an appendycitis operation while ther's a golf tournament in town.

Nothin's ever said about who paid fer th' coffee mother used t' make.

Plain spoken people git most o' ther recognition 'cause folks are afraid o' them.

Amundsen's strong determined face looks like he could live in Florida th' year around.

Bootlegger Ike Lark wuz in town t'-day confident o' reversal on appeal.

What gits me is why a store has a "sacrifice sale" 'cause it's goin' t' enlarge.

A Christmus present may show that somebuddy wuz thinkin' about us, but it hardly ever shows that whoever sent it knows much about us.

"That feller's been in more trouble than a yeller roadster," said Tell Binkley, when he heard Stew Nugent wuz rearrested.

Few things makes us feel finer than havin' our judgment vindicated.

Ike Soles is as selfish an' hard t' git along with as an only child.

I'll bet th' Scotch don't pay twelve dollars fer Scotch.

We never used t' hear o' any congestion 'cept in th' lungs, but t'day look at our streets an' divorce courts.

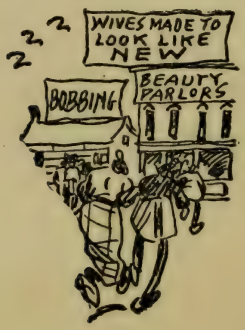
It's bad enough fer England t' have a monopoly on rubber, but us car owners ought t' be glad our country haint got it.

Peace seems t' be causin' more turmoil than anything else t'-day.

Ever' once in a long while we meet somebuddy that's purty an' efficient, but it's a rare combination.

Th' only absolutely safe way t' double your money is t' fold it once an' put it in your hip pocket.

Even after th' third degree fails a newspaper syndicate kin make 'em talk.



Nothin' takes th' conceit out o' anybuddy as completely as tryin' t' drive a Ford after havin' allus driven a car.

Ez Pash has winked at th' dry laws so long he looks like he wuz paralyzed on th' left side.

Ever'thing that used t' be referred to as "unmentionables" are now called by ther real names.

A Kiefer pear'll outlive an' elephant if th' stem is dipped in sealin' wax.

One o' th' great industries o' th' present age is rebuildin' those who have passed middle age.

"If a letter feels like bendin' a gum boot ther's money in it," said Pustmaster Beal Spry, t'day, in recountin' his experiences as a p. m.

"We don't take a daily paper," said Myrt Smiley, when th' teacher asked her t' name th' French prime minister.

After a feller gits settled down t' drivin' a truck, or canvassin' fer an oil burner, it must be fun t' look back an' recall how he used t' fluke in mathematics, physics an' algebry.

Never leave any alcohol around where ther's a feller who says, "We're better off without it."

Some folks seem t' hide an' waylay th' King's English jest t' murder it.

Th' fun o' runnin' fer th' newspaper t' see who's been arrested is one o' th' new diversions that's come along with th' Eighteenth Amendment.

Ther's now seven thousand different beauty preparations, or about two hundred an' eighty-nine fer each beauty.

It must take as much nerve fer some folks t' ask fer a vacation as it does t' hold up a crowded bank.

Th' cannin' industry has made rapid strides, but it's still fallin' down on succotash.

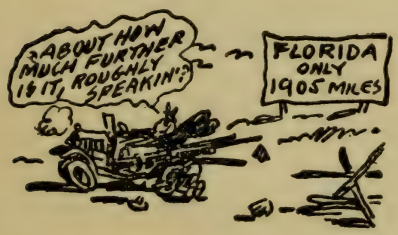
Some folks think ther gittin' publicity when ther only excitin' comment.

Nobuddy ever felt jest right follerin' somebuddy else's suggestion.

No wonder Floridy hotels are crowded t' overflowin' after th' way northerners have been warned.

Hain't it a relief when a clerk finally confesses he hain't got what you want?

Havin' a bass voice is almost as good as bein' a policeman.



I'll say this fer spinach—it gives you lots o' grit.

Actions speak louder'n lodge jewelry.

Why object t' capital punishment when ther hain't none t' speak of?

No wonder anybuddy that's got as much money invested in shoes an' hose as a woman don't want t' stick around home.

Cleanin' up Chicago is about like cleanin' up a four-year-ole boy.

Th' children o' Uncle Clem Moon, who died lately, 'll have his remains cremated so he won't turn over in his grave when they spend his money.

I used t' think o' Colonel House ever' now an' then, but since his diary has been published I can't think o' him t' save my neck.

In th' ole days folks used t' end ther days with th' same buggy they went t' housekeepin' with.

Farmer Jake Bentley, who ain't been breakin' even fer over three years, started t' complain t' th' Public Service Commission, when he learned that it only takes care o' big corporations.

When we consider how easily a circus gathers up ever'thing an's gone before daylight, it's a wonder ther' hain't more of it done.

I like little children 'cause they tear out as soon as they git what they want.

It takes an awful good true story t' make a hit.

Honesty pays, but it don't seem t' pay enough t' suit a lot o' people.

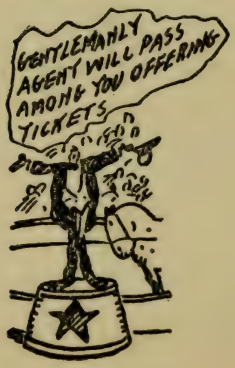
Th' honeymoon is over when you fergit an' use th' embroidered company towel.

If ther's anything worse'n a grouch it's th' feller who feels immense.

Ever notice how lovely a couple git along when ther both homely?

Settin' around with ther legs crossed puffin' cigarettes is th' poorest fad th' girls have hit on yit fer attractin' men, unless, o' course, th' men are pickled.

Why is it th' first gray hairs stick straight out?



Don't complain o' your lot. Try t' realize that we're th' leadin' silk hose consumers o' th' world, that we not only produce, but wear, ninety-two per cent. o' th' world's raccoon coats, an' that Daniel Boone wuz thirty-seven years ole before he finally found himself.

Th' average important person is usually jest an ordinary human bein' reined up.

Ther's few funnier sights than a full set o' whiskers in bed.

You've got t' be about as nifty t' select an automobile as a necktie these days.

Mrs. Ike Lark is goin' t' ask her husband fer a divorce some day when he's in a generous mood.

Druggist Artie Small severed an artery this mornin' while fillin' a prescription fer a pork sandwich.

We never know how a son is goin' t' turn out, or when a daughter's goin' t' turn in.

Lafe Bud returned home Saturday t' find his dinner burned t' a crisp an' his wife strugglin' t' git a girdle off o'er her head.

"Git out o' here, you've had enough," said Druggist Artie Small t' a feller that asked fer a bottle o' quinine hair tonic.

It's gittin' so most criminals plead guilty right off th' bat so they'll git paroled all th' sooner.

Th' lavish an' shameful use o' money t' gain p'litical office wouldn' be so bad if th' office ever got anything out of it.

A young wife's biscuits make a dandy border fer a geranium bed.

My idee of an ideal business man is one who kin talk about somethin' else besides his business.

If opportunity would look in th' garage first it would save an awful lot o' knockin'.

Some folks don't only manage t' keep before th' public, but also before th' camera.

Th' Charleston hain't only caved in many a hall, but it's also been th' downfall o' several private residences.

Ther's allus some ketch t' a thing that's gotten up fancy, whether it's merchandise or a human bein'.

Fer ever' restless, rovin' spirit that makes a killin', ninety-nine go int' th' advertisin' game or become umbrella menders.

A middleman is a feller that makes a piece o' cherry pie cost twenty-five cents in spite o' th' largest cherry crop in th' world's history.

Does crime pay? Last week an ole member o' th' James gang, who's been reduced t' lecturin', passed thru here an' addressed our Rotary Club fer seven dollars.

Flattery won't hurt you if you don't swaller it.

Some folks git what's comin' t' 'em by waitin', an' others while crossin' th' street.

My idee of a successful man is one that leaves a clean record behind t' be split up among his children.

Ther's no monkey business about a new hat. It either makes us look a thousan' times worse or a whole lot better.

"Who recalls th' ole-time corset that wuz as heavy as a saddle?" asks Gran'maw Pash.

How'd you like t' be marooned in Napoleon, Indianny, an' dependin' on th' Congress t' git you out?

Nobuddy kicks on bein' interrupted if it's by applause.

Intellect an' character are havin' a time combatin' th' wide-spread exploitation o' physical charms.

A holiday is hardly worth th' trouble an' energy it takes t' git back in th' harness.

If somethin' hain't done purty soon t' curb public entertainers, it won't be safe t' go t' a party or banquet.

Some time when you're discouraged an' hungry, jest remember that Eastern Asia alone consumes six hundred an' sixty-five million dollars' worth o' products of our factories an' farms, an' that more people die from overwork than all th' loafin' put t'gether.

Keep away from your garage at night.

Never complain if a bandit drives from th' back seat.

With all our resources, ther's some things we'll never know—fer instance, how many fellers put it back t'morrow?

If ther's any worse bore than a dumb-bell, it's an over-read person.

WITHDRAWN